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The Practice of Catholic Action

N. Theodore Staudt

In these pages, Mr. Staudt, a Senior, who combines the accuracy of scientific attitude with the force of his writing, sets down one possibility for Catholic Action in our Catholic Colleges. His zeal for such Action is presented with clarity and conviction. No one can fail to heed the call of his leadership.

THERE IS A condition in our Catholic Colleges, at least in the evidence presented in our literary journals, that indicates our Catholic Action as being virtually nil. Publication after publication slips from the presses to the desks of the students and to the homes of the admiring parents; all of which are filled with much, very much of little that really contributes to the cause of the Faith. Pencils are chewed and erasers are worn down in the cause of the ditty and tale, while the work of the opponents to religion spreads like fire. To anyone, who studies the content of our Catholic College journals, the conclusion is obvious that more must be done for the cause of God and the Faith if civilization is to be saved.

In a recent study, made in our exchange department, of the journals put forth by our Colleges six numbers out of a total of forty bore a treatise of one kind or another on the subject of Catholic Action.

Now, the pith of the argument is in the Catholic College journal and Catholic Action in our publication is quite simple and easy to comprehend. The journal, by its very nature is the best medium for the setting forth of such Action and such Action in the journal is necessary — direly so. Therefore, it should be the College journal that leads in the presentation of such problems.

The reader may at the moment doubt the propriety of such work in the journal. Querulously, he may ask — why there? In answer to this, one might parry with questions of this nature: Is it not true that we must look for such serious and momentous questions (and the answers to them) in the more substantial journal rather than in the campus newspaper? Is it not true that in the exchange work of our schools the journal receives far more attention than the news sheets? Is it not true that our best chance for attention among our non-Catholic fellow-students rests in the journal rather than in the paper? Finally are not the very articles themselves, of the only proper length for serious work, to be found in the journals alone? Answer these and join the cause!

The Catholic College journal, therefore, which properly burns with the energy that began on Mount Calvary — why not call it the love of God? — will take up some phase of Catholic Action. In the first place, brief thought will discover to the students many possibilities. Catholic literature is an untouched mine — the creation of it, the criticism of it, the spread of it. New themes for the writing thereof await our authors, new plays, new novels, new poems. Which Catholic College will step forward to its defense? Students investigate the social problems of the world; how many have tried to assist and encourage the Catholic workers, have studied co-operatives, have aided share-croppers: Have they done it in print? Catholic living means some degree of sanctity. How often does one see the fuller life of the liturgy treated? Who profits by his knowledge of the Mystical Body? Who prepares his fellow-students for a richer life in the parish of his later days? All these and many more are potential articles for Catholic Action treatment in our publications.

Here the cagey reader replies, with a slight glint in his eye, that is all well enough to say, but the proof is in the showdown. And the capabilities here are quite evident, even to our cynical critic. In the first place, not all forms of good, solid Catholic Action have been discovered. Each year uncovers for the world at large some new form of Action that has not been thought of before. If, however, we should become exhausted, we have not yet appraised the value of the various activities. Which are the best for the College Students? Which yield the best results? Which demand the most caution? And when that question is completed, we have yet to offer the helping hand of criticism — that offer of candor — which will enable each of us to improve his work with the aid of others.

Your proof of the pudding is in the eating.

There is one form of Catholic Action of which Catholic Colleges are complacently ignorant. And this statement is made only after a deal of study, which enables us to write with some assurance. The Catholic Information Society of Narberth is but one member of an organization which has for its goal something which the Catholic College should attain.

On looking into the Narberth movement, we find that a group of Catholic laymen, feeling the urge to do something for the cause of Catholic Action, and realizing their duty to bring the knowledge of Christ's one, true Church to those fine people who do not understand it or know it — even hate it — because for four hundred years they and their forbears have had false tradition, false teaching, false history to poison their minds against truth, banded themselves into a society. This organization has three purposes: Firstly, to create interest in the beliefs and practices of a Church so large, so vigorous and so significant in world affairs. Secondly, to state each month the truth about some one thing of which those outside the Fold, as a whole, have a wrong or warped idea.

Thirdly, to offer themselves as informants on things Catholic of which an individual might care to have information.

Having established the purpose of this noble society, let us glance briefly into its history. In 1928, when well intentioned non-Catholics went to the polls with fire in their eyes to vote against Al Smith, called by them the "menace of Rome" it started something in the little suburb of Philadelphia, called Narberth. A few men of the parish of St. Margaret thought out a solution to the problem of non-Catholic ignorance. In 1929 the society was sending out, monthly, a message to their non-Catholic neighbors, in which brief, courteous, and interesting information on Catholic doctrines of Faith and Morals was explained. Some of these messages reached the non-Catholic through the mail, but another new and broader system was started at Narberth by which they could reach an untold number of readers — namely the non-sectarian newspapers. Each month, or weekly, depending on the newspaper, the above explained message is printed. Countless pamphlets and letters likewise aid to promote the cause of Narberth.

The preparation and promulgation of the Narberth movement is done with the permission and is under the comission of the Most Reverend D. Cardinal Dougherty. It has been approved by the Most Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, Episcopal Head of the National Center of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and by nearly thirty other Bishops in the country.

Now the interesting point at issue, after the noble work of this organization had been found, was to find the quantity and quality of College co-operation given to this undertaking. The best source for this was the testimony of the leader of the work himself. In reply to our questions, Mr. Rogers had this to say: "Although we have a few colleges and, also, a number of highschoools and academies, I feel that our educational institutions could do a lot more than they are doing in Apostolic work. There seem to be a good number of Catholic Action Groups in schools and Colleges but in my experienc I find that these groups are very much dependent on the Moderator for any real action that they engage themselves in." Mr. Rogers goes on to say: "Mostly from hearsay evidence, I would say that convert activity in Catholic Colleges is bad. Perhaps the "Narberth Movement" is more successful in its boasts of three colleges now active. Two of these three happen to be girls colleges." "The appeal to the College man for any form of the Apostolate of the Word is first of all, I think, a matter of duty. This may apply to any Catholic but, of course, of him who receives much, much is expected. I think that College men cannot only cooperate with the now existing forms of tested Catholic Evidence Work, but can be pioneers in promoting these forms in new ways and into new audiences. Surely, we have just scratched the surface in the work that lies ahead."

The conclusions that flow from the information gathered above must, quite naturally, be interpreted in the correct sense. Superficially,

the particularized content of this article will appeal only to those who are interested in the work of the Narberth Movement. To them we may point out the appropriateness of such work for college men, men who are, or should be, particularly well-grounded in their religion. The simplicity of the plan is patent. But, there is a further development which has a special college appeal. The work by means of the pamphlets was carried on by one Catholic College in relation with a Secular University. The pamphlets were sent by the Catholic students to the non-Catholic students of the other institution. And the success was almost immediate. Now, what are the possibilities of such an activity in other places? Does it not deserve our discussion? Before you, we set not words and signs, but something specific, something practical, one kind of Catholic Action.

But, whether or not our work is to take this form of expression is relatively unimportant. The basic fact is this: the gauntlet of our challenge is flung in the face of your stolidity. What are we going to do about Catholic Action? We may take our stand on any part of the rampart, we may carry the rod for any gun, but somehow in some way we must take up the cause of Catholic Action — and we must utilize the strength and the power that lies in our Catholic College journal so as to make it that which Leo XII called a "living echo of the Faith."

Theme With Variations

William Foley

Each reader will find that Father Trell is no stranger to him. The Church of our land has produced many such men. Always, too, does the unmistakable theme remain, although the variations which come to your mind may be entirely different. William Foley, a Junior, reads deeply for us into the simple beauty of life.

MY OLD PASTOR died recently. You may have heard of him. His name was Father Peter Trell of Sacred Heart Parish in the county seat. Everyone knew him, though I think that perhaps I was closer to him than many of his parishioners. Because I was a boy of the parish studying for the priesthood, I got to know him in a more intimate manner. When I was home from the Seminary we used to sit and talk by the hour. The conversation was simple, everything connected with Father Peter was simple and the beauty of his simplicity was that it was not forcedly Puritanical but quietly effortless. In these conversations Father Peter took delight in relating his experiences; they were not exciting adventures, but I like to remember them all, for in them is revealed many of the fine qualities of his splendid character.

I like to paint again for myself the portrait of the dear old man in my visions. On a late summer evening we used to sit and talk. With a row of cigars (the cheaper variety) beside him he would be prepared for a perfect session. As the twilight fell, the darkness of shadows would begin to take away the look of shabbiness about his clothes, somehow, though, I was sorry for I knew that patches marked only his person; his soul was whole. Too, in the darkness, I could no longer discern the gleam and twinkle in his eyes. Slowly his hands, thin treasures of ivory, faded in their whiteness to a quality of ghostliness in the shadows of the porch. Always, however, there remained his voice and his laugh. Father's voice was unforgettable for when God compounded it, He must have put so much in it, strength, confidence, soothing kindness and charity. And his laugh, too, had much of the same element; it came from his bottom-most soul, for, hearing it, one somehow could not fail to think that this world was not such a bad place after all. The mere sight of Father, gently rocking in his chair, puffing his cigar and speaking quietly in his rich and melodious voice was enough to dispel gloom from anyone.

In the same way, as I think of him now, the idea of charity always remains in my mind. It is due partly to the many things he told me, things that I knew were experiences in his life, mostly, however, it is due to the one counsel he always gave me, as one preparing for the priesthood. He never tired of urging me to know and to practice the content of the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians. You remember it, that soaring flight about charity that begins — "If I speak with the tongues of men and angels," and goes on to say that charity is "not puffed up," is "patient," is "not ambitious," "thinketh no evil" and "never falleth away." When I was very young I often thought it a bit tiring, of course, but now I see it so clearly and so well. It will be a bit clearer to you perhaps, if I tell you some of the things and stories I remember.

I.

His eyes always call back for me the eyes of all children. There was in them the blue of young skies and a depth that spoke of pools untouched. Throughout his years he kept that clarity and innocence which go with babbling tongues and stumbling feet. Tenderly as those eyes could gaze upon children they seemed to possess a power of looking into the innermost soul of a troubled penitent and revealing the difficulty that was there.

As I recall him thus, his love for children comes back to me. It was really love, for it was so understanding. And the children knew it. They came to him without falter, expecting an embrace that was never physical but always comforting. They did not analyze it, but they sensed it as only youngsters can. Trusting him implicitly, they confided in him their secrets, their joys and sorrows, knowing that the good Father would listen sympathetically, counsel prudently and above all, never ridicule. Meanwhile, out of this wealth of solitudes come many experiences — humorous, touching, bewildering, memorable.

There was for instance, this. At the time of the usual first confessions and first Communions, there came to Father Trell on confession day, a weeping, sobbing youngster. (As often as Father told the tale, I could see the whole picture again). Tiny John, although slightly frightened, had been brave enough in approaching the sacrament, until he discovered that he had lost the paper on which he had written his sins. Tears made search difficult, so John's only recourse, quite naturally, was to tell Father all about it. Father must have smiled his best smile as he sent the lad into church presumably to think hard about his past and to pray fervently for light. So the matter rested until Father went over to hear confessions. Then, near the side door of the church, there came running to him some little Mary sobbing out the news that Johnny had "stole". In short, John's bravery, born of desperation, had turned to practicality for he simply took Mary's list of offenses for himself.

Father never got beyond this point in his story, an ending was unnecessary, for the light of his eyes told the peace and comfort which he brought to these small ones. In some fashion this simple tale fits so well into the counsel of his wise years.

II.

With his voice Father Peter could startle the drowsiest of his listeners; the menace which brought instant death to gossip was there, too, for Father had an intense dislike for anything that approached slander. He had a way of saying "Let he who is without sin among you, be the first to cast a stone," and those who had been speaking uncharitably would almost cringe so forcefully would the lesson be driven home. Father was not given to bombastics in his sermon, any display of theatrics was entirely foreign to him, the drone of his bass qualities brought to the hearts of many stricken that oil which is the balm of wounds. Not that he could not be eloquent when he so desired, he could rise to oratorical heights on occasion. Particularly so at the funeral of a departed parishioner, at such times Father would deliver an eulogy profound in its sympathy and understanding. Hours seemed to bring no diminution to the strength and power of his voice. Dogged, it kept to its soothing as Father straightened the skeins of woe.

In some strange manner, the young girls of the parish found their greatest consolation in coming to talk with Father. Their troubles were so large and insurmountable; tragedy was meant for youth and their share of sorrow was so much greater than the rest of the world's. Parents never seemed to understand; they meant well, of course, but they were so old-fashioned. Would Father listen? He would naturally. And then, the story finished, his calm voice in answer slipped so graciously over the worst things and led the way again to beauty and goodness of living.

I shall never forget another incident. One that happened as I sat in the next room. Another Mary came, this one young and fine, but she too with quivering lips. I saw her sit down, and the jaunty hat looked so incongruous with the big splashing tears. But the story did not get very far. Father understood something about a young man, apparently Mary's great love, who had gone out of her life without leaving so much as a note. Beyond this point there were only sobs, but Father's handling of the situation was about as usual and showed his resourcefulness. Getting his box of tangled string (an old device), he brought it to Mary and asked her to wrap each piece into a neat bundle. Meanwhile, his slow deep voice told of the new young man working down at the grocery store and of the next play to be produced by the young people of the parish. As the mellow voice hummed gradually the sniffing ceased; the string was tied and once again brown eyes danced to a smile. It was all so simple, but it answered the heart.

III.

Perhaps it took a little while to understand Father Peter's laugh. You would be mistaken if you thought that he was laughing at you, the victim of some situation. I think Father always laughed with the life and not at it. The joy of living was too wonderful for him to be cynical. The humor that is bound up with common things and people was to him the most appealing.

The best laugh he could have, the richest and heartiest, was the one that was on himself. This sprang not only from his heart, but, too, from that queer philosophy of his. It mattered little, he said, as long as the cause was served, what might happen to him. He thought that sublimation in an idea served to make a man properly little. And it was out of his "littleness" that he gathered most of his enjoyment.

The story of the Bishop's mistake presents a striking example of Father's humility. It happened when he was a young pastor, and when there was another priest by the same name in the diocese, an older and more well known man. The Easter collection had to be sent in to the Chancery, Father's parishioners had given magnanimously so that he was able to send a fine contribution into the general fund. After some weeks my good pastor learned that an appreciative note of commendation had gone to the other Father Trell. Even then, Father Peter was not inclined to write to the Bishop or inform him in any of various ways, of the error he had committed. Accepting it with serene good nature, Father quietly pursued his life and no one would even have learned the story had not the Bishop himself told the congregation when he came to Sacred Heart for Confirmation. Even now I do not know how His Excellency found out about the mistake, but he did discover it and thus Father Peter's beautiful lesson in littleness was revealed. What a forceful example of humility; remembering it I always recall that line from the parable — "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Somehow I think even the Bishop felt insignificant beside Father Trell on that occasion.

IV.

If you have ever learned to look at people's hands you will know that it becomes a fascinating study. The hands of no two persons are alike, not only in appearance but in actions. Father's hands were slender and white with long tapering fingers, ordinarily he kept them quietly folded during our numerous sessions, occasionally lifting a hand to bring home some point, or to express by some gesture an idea which words seemed incapable of conveying. In my youthful way I used to think his hands were those of an artist, but they were capable of doing hard work for I knew that Father had worked in the Pennsylvania Coal mines as a lad. And the touch of his hand always seemed to exert a steadying influence. I shall always remember one occasion when his hand gave

me so much strength and courage. It was in my last year at the seminary that my mother, quite suddenly, passed away. The news struck me like a sledge-hammer blow, and I experienced the strange, almost indescribable sensation of one who has suffered the loss of a loved one. I felt as though I had been drawn out of my orbit and placed in some vast and gloomy void. In a mechanical way I made preparations, then boarded the train for home — and the funeral. Father Trell was at the station to meet me, as I stepped from the platform he walked up to me and took me by the arm. That touch of his hand brought me back to reality; no words were spoken, they would have been superfluous. His hand on my arm was his message of condolence, it conveyed his sympathy so well, but chiefly it seemed to tell me that I was not alone in the world. With Father Trell guiding me, I was able to bear up all during the funeral, without him I fear I should not have had such self-restraint. The recalling of such episodes always impress upon me the fact of Father's goodness and serve to make his memory more dear.

For over twenty-five years Father Trell served as pastor of Sacred Heart, there was some talk of his being made a Monsignor as a reward for his long and honorable career. But he died before he received the purple, passing away in the quiet and peaceful manner so typical of him. Thus he ended his career a plain priest without the dignity of a Monsignor's Title, but knowing Father Peter's preference for plainness, I am sure that he would have had it so.

The present priest at Sacred Heart is carrying on in the traditions established by Father Trell. He has not changed things much, believing that Father Trell's ways were the best and he often feels that Father's guiding hand still helps him. The two were very close friends when the old pastor was alive, in moments of difficulty the new priest frequently asks Father Trell for help. And why shouldn't he? You see, I am the new pastor at Sacred Heart.

Poetic Steps to the Faith

Leo Gaulrapp

Poetry in the service of God can still be beautiful. Acknowledging with all other readers the beauty of the works discussed below, Mr. Gaulrapp turns to the interesting consideration of these poems as stories of conversion. As a religious student, the author probes the values of two artistic approaches to God. The result is enlightening.

THE CITADEL of faith is indeed one, but the highways and byways leading to it are in no wise limited. One of them, real poetry, I believe, can be the record of such thought and feeling. Fit garb, therefore, has been used by a certain two poets to dress their recorded mental journeys on the highways to faith. These two poets, as I hope to show, are approaching the great citadel by different routes. At times they wend their separate ways more or less contrary to each other. Again there are times (the more frequent) when they move, as it were, parallel to each other, for they are progressing towards a common goal.

The one poet is Alfred Noyes; his poem "The Strong City," is found as the seeming introduction to his work *The Last Voyage*. The other is Gertrude von LeFort with her eight poems "Return to the Church."

As just stated the ways of the two minds must necessarily often run parallel to each other, now it seems very reasonable to expect them to start in that manner. Noyes expresses in a beautiful line this fact: he was striving to attain a very definite end, one which he instinctively felt would give him mental satisfaction — "All questioning closed in absolute vision;" one in which his craving for the sight of truth, real vision, power, and glory would be satisfied —

"Within that city
Was glory beyond all glory
Of wisdom and power enthroned in absolute light."

Von LeFort in quieter strain, though no less definite, utters a similar conviction; namely, that her destination will be a source of satisfaction. She would be linked with beauty — "You are a noble leader amongst idle potsherds." Certainty would be her guardian — "Kings must fade before your eyes and armies grow pale, for the wind is their brother, but your brothers are rocks." Both her heart and her mind would be at peace.

Reason in so many cases is an independant and dogged factor, In

these mental journeys we expect that factor to be very active. Matters of faith are such that without some more-than-natural help, they prove to the human mind incomprehensible. Now remembering that reason is so persistent, we see why this traveler, Noyes, since he attempts to act unaided, finds the way rough plodding. Little wonder that he utters, "Through cactus and thorn I stumble." He realized that a matter of faith, to the untutored mind, becomes ever more abstruse — "And when it was darkest, to that strong City I came." The lady-poet is little different in her way of thinking. Of faith she complains " — the law of faith that you impose is terrible." Her mind wants to proceed in single combat, to have the liberty of holding or discarding for its own sake — "For a space of a hope I would rest in your arms."

Here is a very important similarity. In fact one that we can presuppose. To Noyes, the journey to the Faith was proving hard and discouraging. He was retracing his own steps and wasting time. Finally in his need and bewilderment he sank down and " — cried, once to God, as a child cries." Von LeFort would question "Do you know what you do?" Yet in the end she cried, "Mother I lay my head between your hands, Protect me from myself." Oh why is prayer so often only thought of last!

A complaint, though ever so mild, will usually follow every defeat. It does here. Who is over-quick to crush that brief rebound of the opponent just brought to his knees? Noyes sees his conquered will as dead. From it tyranny had been forever separated yet "I bent over it — Sweet, sweet cold kiss, the saddest earth had known." The poetess sighs, "I have fallen on the Law of your Faith as on a naked sword." Let her finish her complaint. "I flutter like a bird about my father's house, to find a crack that will let your strange light through. But there is none on earth save the wound in my spirit."

The historian Gibbon claimed that "assuredly England was a gainer by the (Norman) Conquest." Granted he is right, yet when compared to the conquest under discussion it limps greatly for this conquest is so much higher and its benefits so much greater and more definite. The defeated came into their Heritage; reached their goal; found strength and peace; realized protection; contemplated Love and Truth and Power. The defeated Noyes takes in all his gain with ever mounting reverent thankfulness and wonder. He ends singing: "And Love drew near me, and I drank Life through God's own death." LeFort realized that the victory was complete and yet that she, the conquered, received the sentence of eternal gain. Reciprocally has she expressed this in fairer garb — "You alone have sought my soul! — you prayed for her and this was her salvation — You have raised her up, for this she lies at your feet."

We have seen above how again and again the poets seemed to copy the actions of each other. The poetic dress of these actions of course was

different. That is as it should be. In fact as I thought about this difference, it seemed to resolve to this: The one expression or style was masculine; the other feminine. Now, however, pursuing yet further this train of thought this ever recurring difference appears not restricted to the mere style. The method of these actions, which marked a large section, shows quite clearly a masculine and feminine characteristic. This I will endeavor to clarify.

During the approach to the "Strong City" (the Faith) Noyes evidenced an independence of will decidedly masculine. His mind, striving to act alone, was fighting hard to succeed. Odds were piled against him — those matters of faith were to him as walls "harder than adamant;" his eyes could search out no natural helper to unlock the mysteries; even his physical nature cried out against his unbending reason — still he plodded on "hour after hopeless hour — league after league," till he became aware that he was already retracing his steps, namely his former mental attempts to comprehend alone where faith was needed. This is a picture of an independant even obstinate mind, but above all of a strong mind, one that is masculine.

Now look at the upward struggle of the woman. You cannot say her mental attitude is the opposite of the other. Nevertheless, it is decidedly different. This one is feminine and being such makes it harder to define, for it becomes more intricate; reason and feeling are much more entwined. Because of that entwining, this state of mind has a softer tone; displays meekness and a tenderness for any objective point of view; gives itself a fairer chance. The lady-poet compounds this attitude from frankness, meekness, and a bit of self-pity. She is frank about herself and ready to concede the points of her opponent. She is meek, for after meeting the great truths which press upon her, she doesn't become belligerent, but merely questioning. She displays that bit of self-pity in this very questioning — the Law of Faith that appears to her so terrible, she would hide from for

"My feet stumble and slip on it as on an icy floe,
And my spirit is splintered as against rocks of glass."

This state of mind neither weak indeed nor yet masculine is what I should term feminine.

As in the first part of both poems, so in the later part, where faith and reason are meeting the masculine and feminine contrast is apparent in the manner in which the poets accept the faith. A man in many cases lacks the speed of decision, characteristic of women. He uses more of a reasoning process where a bulk is torn apart and explained bit by bit. Now in regards to our poet, this seems to hold. Shortly after his prayer for faith and thus his submission, the "adamant doors" of the "Strong City" swing back and the light from within streamed upon his mind. He absorbs the great truth, power, and beauty around him part after part, for all was as if veiled and needed separate unveiling —

the immortality of the Faith; the universal adoration duly offered the "Victim-Victor" by all things animate or inanimate; the meaning of the Holy Sacrifice, and the cognizance of its victim. His mind expands further, ever further till at last from him comes the murmur "And Love drew near me, And I drank Life through God's own death."

Von Lefort goes at it a little differently. After she has "fallen on the Law of Faith as on a naked sword," she looks backwards a little, not wanting to give up anything. Then with but a moments reflection she pledges herself entirely. The stability of her decision she keenly expresses in the line, "Where I myself begin, there will I cease, and where I cease there I will forever remain." Almost with the speed of thought she turned from a questioning outsider to a dutiful listener, an attentive disciple. Yet she is as appreciative as the poet. Likewise as grateful — "You have reaised her (my soul) up as a queen for this she lies at your feet. Who shall belittle the right of your constancy?"

So the masculine characteristic of the one and the feminine of the other have not been drawbacks. Their respective cloaks fit them well; to have interchanged would have been to cause a sorry misfit.

The Faith has been approached, accepted, and practiced in the past, is being so now, and will be so in the future. Since it is something very real it necessarily contains objective points. We have seen this in the similarities of the poet and the poetess. These objective points are inherent, regardless of the direction or manner of one's approach. But neither the approach nor the acceptance, nor the practice is merely a cut and dried matter, lacking life and color. It is adaptable to all natures, all times, and all places. We have seen that Alfred Noyes and Gertrude von LeFort had different characteristics, yet both reached the same goal. It matters not what a person is or how he thinks. The Holy Catholic Faith, like a wheel with countless spokes, is ever holding out in all directions an invitation to everybody to come into, what Alfred Noyes terms, "The Strong City" to see what it offers.

I believe a parallel consideration must have been in the mind of Gertrude von LeFort when she wrote these lines —

"But you (the Church) are no wayside inn, and your doors do
not open outwards.

He who lets go of you has never known you."

Charlie

Richard Scheiber

Almost every reader has met Charlie's like; many, perhaps, have even been that boy. The commonplace happenings of life shot through with the idealism of youth — that is Mr. Scheiber's theme. The poignancy that remains speaks for itself. The writer, editor of the College newspaper, offers here a fresh sight of an old tale of life.

PERHAPS THE MOST looked-through front room bay window in the whole town was that of the Mason's over in the highland section within a thousand feet of Delphi and Western's railroad right-of-way. For more than a year or two passers-by have noticed the little fellow sitting there in his little promontory, every afternoon at five, gazing expectantly down past the station to the fields beyond, out of which daily came the crack Flyer of the line. This little eight-year-old was Charlie Mason, as normal and red-blooded a youngster as ever pulled a girl's pigtail. He had his bicycle, captaincy of his "Comin' Perfeshnals" football team; plenty of boy friends and the willingness to do a little work now and then around the house. But everything save the sound of his mother hustling about in the kitchen went completely out of his life every afternoon at five when the Delphi Flyer came chafing down to a brief stop.

"Wowie, just pin yer lamps on 'er! Boy, ain't she the real berries or I don't know my engines! Yup, there goes Mr. Bronson the telegraph man with the 'structions and here comes Dad down off the tender, Mom!"

Mom knew this daily incantation almost by heart as it came from excited Charlie, who, she said, "could see more in a dirty switch yard a mile away than five railroad men." Charlie's ecstatic raptures were also the harbinger of her own grimy husband's arrival. A master craftsman when it came to pulling trains through on schedule, Joe Mason, loving and thirty-seven but a trifle set in his ways, was like all others when his wife sounded the only call to her always ample table.

"Hi-ya Dad," Charlie used to shout when his father was within earshot after the trek up the little hill and across the vacant lots from the yards. "Right on time with the Flyer agin, weren't we Dad?" So proud was this little hero-worshipper at his father's monotonous yet notable achievements that he even shared some of the glory himself.

"Yes, Charlie," came the always tired and forced reply. "We made 'er on time again today, just like always, eh son?"

Supper time every evening always found Joe Mason too tired to worry considerably about his young son's mania for every chance word of railroad lore that he seized and transformed into the richest of imagery. Why, Charlie had started that daily ritual in the front bay window at the same time that other little fellows were hanging with one ear half in the radio, listening every afternoon to "Little Orphan Annie" or "Jack Armstrong."

Charlie scarcely noticed his Dad's lackadaisical manner toward him when anything came up about the railroad nearby. He went serenely on his little way, playing with his bicycle and imitating the roundhouse swiper boys as he oiled every moving part far more than necessary, keeping his "number seven" in constant tip-top condition for an emergency run down town or to any other chance-destination.

So it was when he was in his improvised "switch tower" watching the activity over the yards. To him the grit and scald of the smoke and steam were beautiful plumes that eventually mounted into the sky to take their places with their aerial brothers and sisters, the clouds. The friendly blinking of the vari-colored semaphores at night fascinated him in his bed, while the endless stream of heavy iron rails, mere avenues of transit to his father, were to him as silken ribbons that held a vast country together. To this boyish imagination, sitting seven hours a day at the place where luxury and comfort were no item, and under which the huge drive wheels pounded their fiendish melody upon the rails, was sheer romance. How he wished he could sit in the tiny shell of the flying black monster with all its belching flame and smoke as his Dad did every day. If he could but grasp his youthful hand about the throttle lever and whistle cord, or hang his inexperienced elbow on the cab window in the same thrilling, capable way that he perceived from the front room window across the lots. If he would only hurry and grow to an age where he could start as a swiper in the roundhouse and imitate his father some day on those wheezing gorgons of the rails.

"There's times when I just ain't able to fathom that young lad. I wish he wouldn't take on so about this confounded railroad business. Can't we get him to take an interest in airplanes, or the navy or bein' a doctor?"

Charlie's father was the best in family men when it came to actual goodness. Often he searched for the thing that would divert the stream of childish admiration away from the occupation that had as many perils and treachery as he had found. He was butting his stubborn head against a stone wall and he was almost aware of it. But he was bitterer than green apples when he thought about his little Charlie becoming a rail-roader. He was bitter, but in his mind he had the soundest of reasons.

It was in 1930 when Charlie was newly born that Delphi and Western had its severest strike among the maintenance men. The workers were uneasy about recent wage cuts brought on by the sterner

side of the depression which had set in like a long, undesisting winter. Joe Mason was an introvert among his fellow employes who admired his dexterity in holding to schedule but who shunned him now for his unwillingness to side with them in their petitions to their employers. Joe was an ambitious hoghead, the name of the uninitiated for a freight train engineer, and he refused to cooperate in stalling all railroad traffic until their concessions were granted. The next noon in open defiance to the Brotherhood, he pulled his freight out of the yards to the accompaniment of breaking glass and ricocheting rifle bullets, the memory of which he had nursed through these long years after the trouble was settled. Nor did he forget one iota when his loyalty was recognized and the crack Flyer run was assigned to him.

Joe Mason knew that he knew everything about a locomotive, but he also knew that his limited education and present environment were certainly not conducive to culture. He got along the best he could on experience and instinct. Those few wildly aimed rifle shots during the strike made an impression on his stubborn and hard-set intellect that no one ever would erase. He stayed at his job solely because it was the thing he did best and he took pride in his work.

But Charlie had many more things than his father, Joe used to muse. He was pin-bright and smart at his books. He could find a clean cut job somewhere in a big office or as a lawyer or doctor, but never a greasy, gritty setup like his own among these perfidious railroaders. The father was glad that for the time being his son wasn't old enough to win with a polished battle of wits over his own more reticent and less expressive emotions. It was coming eventually, and Joe Mason didn't know as he liked to think about such a thing. His stubbornness hated to be outdone. Couldn't these youngsters in the neighborhood play something else besides "railroad" with their coaster wagons. It was beginning to bother him.

Quite as a parallel effect was the boy's continuing in his old ways. Still as light-hearted and good-spirited as ever, he looked forward to summer when he and the other boys in the block would be playing "railroad" in the blissful, carefree way of all youngsters as they proudly mimic the insignificant actions of their elders. Charlie was always the ring-leader and head supervisor of these games for wasn't his father the engineer of the Flyer? One day when Tony Smith lost the wheel of his wagon which was serving as a fast freight, Charlie fussed and fumed and knew no peace until the damage was mended by the wrecking crew. So serious was he in the execution of his duties that it was fun to be even an ordinary brakeman under him.

Little scholars' books and pencils came soon enough into the rest that was summer. One morning Charlie came stomping up the back porch steps a little more excitedly than usually. Into the kitchen with a bound he stood before his mother, panting and smiling.

"Mom! hey Mom, guess who I just saw up town? Gee, it was that inspector man who used to walk home with Dad sometimes! An' jes guess what he ast me ta do!"

Charlie inherited some of his father's conservativeness and seldom did he grow so flabbergasted at anything as he was at the moment. On he gushed:

"Boy, he wants me to ride the afternoon freight with him Mom! An' we're leavin' right after dinner, too! Holy Smokers, when kin we eat, Mom?"

One week later the casual passer-by would have found no Charlie romping around the neighborhood. Charlie had been able to go on that heavenly excursion down the line in the caboose of the afternoon freight and it was his first venture beyond the all too safe realm of passenger coaches. The passer-by questioned one of the now inactive and juvenile corps of railroad workers down the street. -

"Gosh, don't you know? Charlie was ridin' on the freight last week and it jumped the track 'cause it hit a stone truck an' now Charlie's in the hospital on 'count how he got his legs broke."

That big engine churned up turf for sixty feet after she left the rails, was the opinion of one onlooker. For the little fellow riding high like a king back in the caboose it was an excruciating experience. One moment he was whisking along and the next he was going through various gyrations of twisting that ended in a splintering crash and... darkness. The cars of the empty freight were tossed about the right-of-way like so many matches. Charlie's serious but not critical injuries threw him into a faint until aid reached him. He was in the hospital that night.

So often does youth see nothing but the easy, the happy or the serene side of life until he is brought face to face with the sterner realities. Many successful racing drivers have left their profession after their first accident, one which shattered every vestige of nerve. Horseback riding is thrilling until the advent of the first runaway or the first fall and trampling under steel hoofs.

Charlie spent nearly all of the long summer days under observation of attendants in the hospital. He used to lie there by the hour, just thinking. Early in his stay he used to fashion in his mind all manner of imaginative artistry in the ceiling of his room. Always there were those ponderous weights, hanging there from ropes and pulleys in the hope that the multi-fractures would mend themselves straight and strong again. The nurses and doctors made him the pet of the institution in the hope of lightening his long days and nights in an environment away from the halcyon days back near the railroad. Charlie used to think of those days very often, and of his mother and how his father trudged home daily from his trek on the Flyer. He had to smile just a little through all this monotony when he remembered how incensed he became when Tony

Smith balled up the schedule by losing that wheel. Well, soon they might let him out of this still, quiet place with its drawn shades and figures constantly moving back and forth out in the hall.

"Wowie," he exclaimed one day, "they're going to take me home again! Maybe in a few days I'll be playin' with the gang again."

So it was. He had weathered his pain and misfortune like a soldier and now he was ready to return to the wars. Joe Mason was hoping that this would be the necessary shock to awake his boy away from the thing that the elder was embittered against.

Next afternoon Mason pulled his Flyer into the yards promptly at five o'clock. Swinging down off the tender he made his way over the embankment and across the vacant lots just as he had been doing these last several years since they awarded him the passenger run. This was Charlie's first afternoon home from the hospital, and a vastly different Charlie it was that Joe Mason was hoping to see. That crossing accident, those endless days, the straining weights ought to cure every last ounce of this "railroad nonsense," he mused to himself.

The first afternoon home and the first time in months that the little fellow had seen so much as a handcar. But the little promontory in the front bay window had its occupant. A little pale perhaps, but still the same observant Charlie, sitting there as of old — serious, wistful, admiring, thrilled.

The Doctrine Lives

Albert Latendresse

From the ranks of the Sophomores arises an historian. The proof thereof lies below, a scrutinizing investigation of the Monroe Doctrine. The author's literary stethoscope will discover many facts for your historical notes.

AT THE END of the American Revolution, the American colonies, having formed a government and adopted a constitution, were recognized as constituting a new and distinct nation. There was in this newly-formed government, which was of republican nature, a strong patriotism and a spirit of democracy such as was somewhat unique and strange in the eyes of the rest of the world at that time. Foreign nations looked with not an overabundance of enthusiasm or good will at the United States. Few of the European politicians perceived the fact that ideals and attitudes of the people of America, along with the conditions and the geographical situation of that country, set it apart as distinctly different from that of any other country in the world.

Another reason why the European powers did not take a favorable attitude toward the United States was that Republicanism and Democracy were forms of governments which conflicted greatly and seriously with the principles of "Divine Rights" Monarchism and of Prince Metternich's petism, "Legitimacy."

It was apparent to Washington from the very beginning that one of the greatest menaces to the United States lay in the European colonies along her border. He therefore impressed upon the people, to the best of his ability, the dangers that existed in entanglements in foreign affairs, and warned them against the forming of treaties with foreign powers or making promises to them. He, as an extra precaution, caused the Neutrality Act, the first enactment of its kind to be proclaimed by a modern government, to be passed. Washington's successors followed out his policies concerning foreign affairs with as much vigor as he stated them.

Still another reason which presented itself and caused European indignation and scorn toward the newly formed government was the fact that the American colonies had made a splendid country for colonization and had furnished a profitable trade for the European nations. It was but natural that they would oppose any government which threatened to impair the colonization of that country and to close the American ports against the European merchants.

The foreign policy of the United States, in the meanwhile, sustained its attitude of aloofness, and the principles laid down by Washington and others of the first few years of the Constitution, were carried out almost to the point of scrutiny. These principles came to be looked upon by Americans with the same air of sacredness and solemnity as was the Constitution. Metternich and the other political defenders of Legitimacy viewed, with no little consternation, the effects that the outcome of the American Revolution and of the forming of the Republican government of the United States was causing among the different peoples of Europe. Furthermore, they considered the foreign policy of that nation to be one which was an immediate threat to the monarchical powers. As a means of combating this, Metternich launched an extensive program of propaganda against America. As a further step, he caused the Congress of Vienna to assemble in 1814. At this congress, the kings and emperors formed the Holy Alliance. It was the expressed purpose of this alliance to combat with all the available means any and all attempts at forming or perpetuating the republican form of government and to further the Divine Rights theory upon which the continuation of their sovereignties depended. They moreover pledged themselves to suppress all religious and social uprisings in any territories under the control of the participants in the alliance. This Congress was probably the most effective and powerful combination ever formed for the purpose of governing the destinies of the world.

America was not actually affected by this Alliance until in 1822, when Ferdinand VII, the King of Spain, requested that her sister-members of the Alliance would assist Spain in subjugating the Spanish colonies in America. This action proved of very grave concern to the government at Washington due to the fact that the Monroe Administration, then in power, saw in it a threat to the territorial integrity of the United States, if they brooked any interference by foreign powers within the Western Hemisphere.

To intensify matters, the Czar of Russia published the ukase which contained the following statements:

"The pursuits of commerce, whaling, and fishing, and of all other industry, in all islands, ports, and gulfs, including the whole of the north-west coast of America, beginning from Behring's Straits, to the 51 of northern latitude . . . , is exclusively granted to Russian subjects. It is therefore prohibited to all foreign vessels, not only to land on the coasts and islands belonging to Russia, as stated above, but also to approach them within less than a hundred Italian miles. The transgressor's vessel is subject to confiscation, along with the whole cargo."*

Russia also placed a claim on a large strip of territory, known as Oregon. This land was claimed also by England, Spain, and of course, the United States. Spain had ceded her claims to this territory in the

* K of C Bulletin, The Monroe Doctrine

treaty of 1819. England and the United States had agreed on a temporary joint occupation of the disputed territory. This Russian claim served to bring things to a point.

The above mentioned affairs made the fact apparent that some sort of action would soon be necessary if the United States were to enforce her foreign policy. Great Britain, through her foreign secretary, Canning, offered to take joint action with the United States against the other foreign powers. The Administration, however, did not think it wise to do so, and diplomatically refused Canning's offer of assistance.

President Monroe then assembled his cabinet and after discussing the problem very thoroughly, decided to state in no uncertain terms, the attitude of his administration concerning this issue.

Finally, on December 2, 1823, President Monroe's message was drafted and submitted to Congress. The contents of his message are what we know today as the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. These principles may be summed up as follows:

1. "The policy of the United States with reference to Europe is not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers, and not to take part in any of their wars which concern such powers only.
2. In both continents of the Western Hemisphere, the United States have an immediate interest. Neither continent can be considered as open to future colonization by an European power.
3. No European power may extend its political system beyond its present limits in either continent.
4. Any attempt of any European power or combination of such powers so to extend its or their political system, and particularly any interposition of any such power or powers which would in any way control the political destinies of the Spanish-American nations will be considered as so dangerous to the peace, safety, and happiness of the United States that they would not behold the same indifference, but would consider it as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition and act accordingly."*

Although this doctrine was merely a political policy of the Monroe Administration, it has been taken up and cherished by the United States. Although its attack was made directly on the nations of Europe, the United States has let it be known through different incidents that they apply, not only to European countries, but also to any and all non-American powers.

Two years after the Doctrine had been publicized, France sent a fleet of ships to Cuba and it was rumored that Spain was intending to turn that island over to France. John Quincy Adams, seeing the threat of an infringement in the Doctrine, notified France that the United States would be unable to permit any power other than Spain to possess that island. France dropped the issue, and the first instance of the enforce-

* K of C Bulletin, The Monroe Doctrine

ment of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine had occurred.

While the United States was busy with the Civil War, France, England, and Spain, who were owed large debts by Mexico, agreed to take joint action against this republican form of government, in order to collect their claims. They invaded Mexico and obtaining payment, all left except France, who stormed Mexico City and took over the government, placing Maximilian, an Austrian prince, upon the throne, and giving him the title of "Emperor of Mexico." Because of the civil strife, Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, had to be very careful in handling this situation because the Federal Government was in no position to go to war with another nation. As soon as the war was over, however, he made an emphatic inquiry as to whether France was going to withdraw her troops from Mexico or not. Napoleon III, pressed by the insistence of Washington upon the principles of the Doctrine, was obliged to withdraw the French army from Mexico. The Doctrine again had triumphed.

Spain had withdrawn her troops from Mexico in the last cast, because she had a desire to concentrate her forces in an attempt to reconquer Santo Domingo. Secretary Seward, upon the receipt of an appeal from the Dominicans for help from the United States to ward off Spanish conquest, warned Spain that the United States would not permit her occupation of that territory. The Civil War was still at its height and, therefore, no immediate action could be taken. But before the war had ended Spain withdrew her troops from Santo Domingo forever. This relieved the United States of the necessity of using military power against her.

After the Santo Domingo incident, there was little or no actual actions of enforcement taken in concern to the Monroe Doctrine for almost half a century. The next incident took place when Germany made demands upon Venezuela, which she alleged had come about through mistreatment of German immigrants. Other claims were made by Italy and England, based on the fact of broken contracts between citizens of these nations and the Venezuelan government. The United States requested that Venezuela recognize the principle and arbitrate the amount with the claimants. Germany, desiring to test the force of the Doctrine, blockaded the Venezuelan ports. This was at the time when the United States was attempting to negotiate a lease on the Panama Canal zone. All the nations, excepting Germany, agreed to an arbitrary settlement of the claims. When Germany refused a settlement, it began to look as though she had some ulterior motive in refusing. President Theodore Roosevelt therefore advised Germany that he would give them forty-eight hours in which to withdraw their fleet from Venezuelan waters. Germany did so in thirty-six hours. This incident showed the world that the United States was ready to fight for the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine.

In 1912, Japan, it was rumored, had made negotiations for the pur-

chase of a piece of land in Magdalena Bay. Though this action was taken in the name of a privately-owned Japanese company, the United States saw in it an ingenious plot on the part of Japan to gain a foothold in America. In the time of war all territory held by Japanese subjects could be taken over by the Emperor of Japan. Senator Lodge introduced into Congress a resolution which stated that the United States would look upon the acquisition of any territory, which might act as a naval base for a foreign power on American shores, with grave concern. It also stated that the control of communications should not be endangered during the time of war by naval points and bases purchased by a foreign power from citizens of the countries of the Western Hemisphere.

From time to time, the United States and England have come into arguments concerning a strip of coast bordering on the Caribbean Sea and just south of Yucatan, which is known as British Honduras, or Belize. This territory was settled by English lumbermen who were granted a small territory by Spain during the time that she ruled that country, in order that they may carry on their trade. These English settlers, however, consistently stepped over their agreed boundary and trouble between the Spanish and the British resulted. Then, in 1849, British forces took Tigre Island, off the coast of Honduras, and in a short while took over the eastern frontier of Honduras. There was no doubt that the Monroe Doctrine had been violated by this act of seizure. America had just cause for military interference, and there was no good reason why she did not interfere. Mr. Clayton began to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain to secure a settlement of the difficulties arising from England's actions. A treaty was made, the terms of which were that Great Britain agreed not to "Occupy or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, the Mosquito Coast, Costa Rica, or any part of Central America."*

Shortly after this, England asserted that Belize did not come under the heading of Central America as it was defined in the Doctrine. The United States would have acted more sanely had she merely ordered Great Britain to keep her hands off South America. The Monroe Doctrine, in this instance was not asserted upon England as it should have been.

This previous affair had much bearing on the Panama Canal issue which was at that time still in the act of negotiation by the United States. It was imperative that the United States should hold all the island and that no other nation should have control of any of the coast within the influence distance of the Canal zone. Much controversy has arisen through the past fifty years over the question of whether the United States has a just claim to single propriety and ownership of the Panama Canal.

In the past few years many mistakes and misinterpretations have been made in regard to the Monroe Doctrine. Among these are: that the Monroe Doctrine is a guaranty given by the United States to Central

* K. of C. Bulletin, The Monroe Doctrine

America; that the application of the Doctrine has been inconsistent; and that the Monroe Doctrine has been changed beyond its original scope. When the Doctrine was drawn up, there was no intention on the part of the President that any guaranty of protection was to be given to the Latin-American countries. Certain diplomats and leaders of these countries have urged that the United States, in keeping with the policy of the Monroe Doctrine, should go to war at every instance that one of these countries is in danger. The Monroe Doctrine was established as a foreign policy of this country, not for the protection of South America, but for her own self-protection. Although the fact is true that the United States at times has been inconsistent in the enforcement of the Doctrine, it may be pointed out that this Doctrine cannot be taken by the government as a permanent or fixed political policy. The charge that the Doctrine no longer exists is false. It has, however, been changed to meet the needs of time, but the terminology of the Doctrine still remains the same.

The principles of the Monroe Doctrine are still present in the foreign policy of the United States. The future of this policy is a thing which would be practically impossible to predict with any degree of certainty. In considering its future, there are several possibilities. There are also some of these possibilities that are more apt to be the case than some of the others. In the following paragraphs, the most plausible conclusions will be briefly surveyed.

One of the best solutions is based on the assumption that the Doctrine has been changed and no longer contains the same principles that were laid down in it by President Monroe. It has been suggested that the Doctrine be abandoned except for the principles of non-colonization and non-monarchy. Conditions and times might have changed but the Doctrine still stands as it did when Monroe first made it public, some one hundred years ago. The manner of interpreting these principles might have changed with the times, and the way of applying them might likewise have changed, but the idea of preventing foreign nations from influencing the future of the Western Continent is still present in that policy. The old dangers, which the United States perceived at the time of Washington, are still threatening America; the claims of European nations on smaller nations of the Western Hemisphere still give considerable annoyance. The foreign nations are still seeking for colonies. Therefore, it is to be concluded that the United States must have a means of protection. She needs that protection as much today as she did in 1823.

The opinion of many historians is that the time will come when the United States will be forced to enter into alliances with some foreign powers in order that the Doctrine may be kept in force. Others say that the United States will have to seek the assistance of the South American countries in its enforcement. The alliance theory would be of no benefit

to the United States because in making such a treaty, she would necessarily be forced to choose that power or group of powers which would be powerful enough to give adequate support to the enforcement of the Doctrine, and consequently powerful enough to avoid the Doctrine whenever they would think it beneficial to themselves. The suggestion of Pan-American assistance would not guarantee the safety of the United States much more than the alliance with foreign powers. The majority of the South American countries still hold a certain amount of fear and suspicion for the United States and would first have to be won over to confidence in and friendliness toward that country.

Others are of the opinion that the United States would be acting wisely to turn the enforcement and interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine over to the Hague International Court or the League of Nations. This opinion is not worthy of much consideration, for neither of these two institutions have enough power to bolster up the doctrine nor are they free from the influence of European and Asiatic politics. We have made reservation to assert the Doctrine which they have recognized. If this recognition will not give bearing to our right to assert it, surely there is no other written recognition that will carry more strength.

It has been contended that the United States has given up her right to enforce her foreign policy of isolation and non-intervention by her participation in the World War. This argument is based on the fact that the United State's policy of aloofness and steering clear of European wars has been violated. President Monroe did not intend to place any restrictions upon this country. He published the Doctrine merely as a policy of self-protection. Therefore this argument is not sound.

The most logical conclusion to be arrived at when one considers the problem as a whole, is that the United States will continue to enforce the Doctrine as it has been enforced by her for the past century, and this conclusion is about as near to common sense as a person can approach. It is the one means that guarantees the preservation of the United States and that guards her peace and safety.

Presenting the Irish

William Kramer

This subject almost speaks for itself. To say that a theme as fresh as this lacks mustiness is obvious. To point out the fact that Ireland still contributes to the treasures of the world is needless. There is this possibility, however, that Mr. Kramer sets forth some new facets of something always brilliant. His own freshness of style is an aid to that.

THE CAPUCHIN ANNUAL, straight from Dublin, is Irish to the core and overflowing. I have copies of the 1937 and 1938 issues at hand, with their cover sketch of St. Francis of Assisi in the characteristic companionship of two doves and a puppy — greeting of the Order of Capuchins. Add a little Gaelic script to a brown tone of cover paper, and you have quiet distinction. Here is an individualism with a conviction, the imperturbable conviction that lies within the best of contemporary Irish talent, no apologies necessary. The unified design of the magazine is the work of Sean O'Sullivan, a front page Irish artist. Nine excellent prints from his brushwork, as well as a number of fine sketches, notable in the human portraits for their strength of character, are features of the 1937 edition.

The 1938 issue begins with thirty-four pages purely on Dublin, two articles and a poem, two more articles and another poem, plus maps and photographs. Each is different; all are eminently worth reading. In the 1937 edition the native reticence of the Irish asserts itself; the opening subject is limited to two articles. They concern Matt Talbot, a plain laborer from the streets of Dublin, now a candidate for canonization. In all, the contributions to the magazine are as varied as the Irish can make them, and still remain Irish. The "Book of the Crocodile," by A. G. Badenoch, is a delightful combination of familiar essay, travelogue with thrilling episodes in the hunting of big game, and story of the author's conversion. There are plenty of short stories of the first quality, the last word in the progress of story writing, yet firm and matured in their art. You will appreciate the fact that the poems are not scraps built to aid the line-o-typist in filling out the pages, but come in generous groups. Each poet, as well as the other authors, is well represented, with no end of pages to make himself perfectly clear to his public.

There are essays on a wide range of topics, the drama is not slighted, and there are a few articles and poems in the inscrutable characters of

the Gaelic, which I leave to the sons of the saga-makers to decipher. Meanwhile we shall descend from generalizations and consider more closely three representative men; a poet, a short story writer, and a philosopher.

Each contributor to the *Annual* — and their great number belies the size of the volume — is represented not only by his contribution but also by his photograph, high among the advertisements in the fore and rear-most sections of the magazine. We turn to one "D. L. Kelleher. A Corkman. Famous as the writer of the "Glamour" books on regions of Ireland, known to the connoisseur as a poet of delicate wit and charm." The photograph shows a groundwork of solid and even stern character, with strong jaw, determined nose, intelligent brow and straight gray hair, all softened with a broad smile and a warming twinkle in his gray eyes. You have the faintest inkling that those eyes see through you very readily, and laugh softly at you — life is so inexplicably funny.

Mr. Kelleher has a fat contribution of "Seventeen poems" in the 1937 issue. Although these seventeen embrace the wide gamut of emotions that we are so well acquainted with in the short lyric, yet the most noticeable quality in nearly all of them is that secret of "wit and charm" which we might call "Irish whimsy." Notice the childlike delight in little things even in the religious topic of the first poem, "The Five Lesser Joys of Mary." Here are two of the "joys." In the quaint lilt on line and turn of phrase you can hear a philosophical chuckle stirring.

"When Mary lay thinking that night in the hay
What little thing she would give Jesus for play,
His Father in Heaven hung out for a toy
A star, and young Jesus He carolled for joy —

When Mary, heartbroken on Calvary's hill,
Saw Jesus droop over and lie very still,
She thought of the good time they had long ago
When He'd drop in her arms and she'd sing Husheen-lo.

Husheen-lo! The Sons of Erin, on the merit of the centuries of the unbroken "touch of grace," assert their right to count Christ among their countrymen. Minds such as Mr. Kelleher's have brought the Nazarene very close to the Irish hearth.

More soberly, in the House of Loretto, in which the Holy Family lived, he meditates on the sanctity of his own Irish home in "An Easter Song in Italy." The million dreams that found their origin in a forty-year-old wine vat are visioned in "A Vat in Stresa," beautiful for the masterful cadence of its delicately varied verse structure. We find a thrust of onomatopoeia, the warbling of a canary, in "A Canary at Tilbury Docks," plus a touch of the exuberance of Shelly. Those who sigh for ye olden

days and wag their heads at the modern degeneration find little sympathy in the poem "On the Bridge at Tours." The poet comes very much to the point in his expression of man's helplessness in-himself and the directive power of the Holy Road in all generations.

All seventeen are worth consideration, but rather than do injustice to any more by half-adequate mention, I quote one in full as a rich example of Irish humor.

O B I T U A R Y

My great-uncle Squint,
 Who bred hounds,
 Left three hundred thousand pounds,
 But he cut me off —
 Piff poff!
 That millionaire, the rain,
 Squanders himself on my window pane,
 And the rich grass in the garden
 Multiplies,
 Whoever dies.
 But the sun that gives gold to the flowers
 Has blistered his name off the stone
 That covers him, skin and bone.
 And the showers,
 Plundering through,
 Have pierced the old flint
 That was his heart —
 Skidoo!
 And the truth is, only for this song
 People wouldn't remember him long
 In any part,
 So I beg his pardon.

Our short story writer, Daniel Corkery, is not so overwhelmingly Irish, and — I may say it without injustice — not so universally appealing. At the same time his art is more intellectual, and closer to perfection. In short, Corkery is a dreamer. He has all the criteria; countenance delicate, intellectual, bespectacled; eyes sincere, piercing, glowing with a dark fire; professor of English at University College, Cork. His writing is that of a brilliant observer, but to use a little circumspection, his observations quickly recede to the world of abstract ideas. His imagination roams vividly in this chosen world of ideas rather than in the world of individual objects. There is beauty in these ideas, but they are stripped of their elemental tang. Spontaneity is supplanted by a deliberate mood. By no means does he stand alone in his class. Wordsworth had just such a recessive, other-world mind.

Examples are the three short stories that appear in the 1938 issue

of the *Annual*. The first, "Vision" is purely psychological, the impression produced on the mind of a child spending a day with his father at his business. Jimmy is not a character, for characters are concrete. He simply represents Child, age three or four, registering the thrill of childhood at seeing its father walk respected among big men. The story has a splendid psychological anticlimax. It is filled with acute observations such as this one: "He was glad he wasn't in the big room where all the people were; you could see the crumbs on their whiskers." How well Mr. Corkery has preserved the memory of a child's petty annoyances! The style of writing has a quiet, lyrical quality, plus an almost exaggerated subjection of the narrative to a spirit of a child, but rather with the brooding spirit of a dreamer recollecting in tranquillity the impressions of childhood.

"The Death of the Runner" differs from the first story in the attempt at greater power and action. It is characterized by still greater subservience to the intelligence of the third person narrator, and by still more frequent use of a very odd repetition of words and short phrases for emphasis. The Runner, with his strange mental disease, or fits of running, is a startling creation, with no more share in humanity than a grotesque phantom. "Richard Clery's Sunday," on the other hand, comes closer to earth. It is the struggle between paternal love and religious principle in a father who suddenly realizes that his only son has a secret bend toward the foreign mission and is old enough to leave him.

There is nothing commonplace about these stories. It is a noteworthy fact that as much as lies open to criticism in such an author as Daniel Corkery, his work stands out strikingly among the works of others. We delight in it less, but we look up to it more, as to something in a finer and more remote sphere.

Beauty is an ancient subject that has known a lot of modern handling. A dashing Irishman, Roibeard O Farachain, brings it to the limelight afresh in his article "God and Man and Making," appearing in the 1937 issue. Essentially he uses the familiar approach to art, the distinctions between divine and human creation, knowledge and action, art and prudence, and fine and useful art. The crux of his argument lies in the relation between morals and art. He offers a masterly defense of the statement, "Art is its object — the factible is extrinsic of morality," adding however that the preception of the thing to be made must arise from aesthetic intuition. Anything, no matter how perfectly made, whose preception arises from "vital sensation," or the "counterfeit glowing of matter," is not art at all. He argues convincingly that moral perfection in an artist is not an impediment but an aid to his art, since St. Augustine after his conversion "Spied nearer on beauty" than before. Towards the end of the article a hope arose that he would offer something, at least a theory, on the interrelation of the aesthetic instinct and prudence in the

make-up of the perfect man, but the article ended before it arrived at such a conclusion.

Mr. O Farachain is an ardent Thomist, and quotes extensively in Latin from the two "Summas." In fact this article is an assembly and interpretation of St. Thomas' scattered statements on aesthetics. It is interesting in point of style to note the difference between the cold, monumental reasoning of the Angelic Doctor, and the enthusiastic almost poetic interpretations of his twentieth century Irish disciple. Mr. O Farachain describes ugliness thus: "The ugly thing is that which is so feebly what it is that the mind can scarcely comprehend its essence. It is ugly not because of dim radiance of form, but because the night of matter has refused a star." St. Thomas says of truth: "Truth is found in the intellect accordingly as it apprehends the thing as it is, and in the thing accordingly as it has essence conformable to the intellect." Mr. O Farachain walks into some inconsistencies in his illustrations. In reference to drama he admits that the transmission of the playwright's thought is dependent on the "sensible as well as intellectual, imaginative as well as conceptual" media of both actors and director; whereas only two paragraphs preceding he claims that in the performance of a symphony, the instrumentalists are "skilled executants" and that a parallel descent for them would be to be set over the playing of gramophone records. Ensemble music, with very little distinction from drama is dependent for its execution on the harmony of intellect and will among instrumentalists, conductor, and composer, not upon a mechanical rendition of "canned" art.

The treatise of Mr. O Farachain is of vital interest, not only for its own sake, but as a gauge of Ireland's possibilities for leadership in philosophy with a solid Catholic basis. Mr. Corkery's style of short story writing appeals to me as one of the solid pedestals, the psychological one, upon which the future zenith of this art may rest. The poems of Mr. Kelleher are interesting for their own sake. As I read the *Capuchin Annual* I am convinced that the two fires of Catholicity and vital art, which we are striving to enkindle in our own country, are glowing steadily on the shores of Ireland.

Editorials

Action for Catholic Men

N. Theodore Staudt

Today, we as Catholics are gravely concerned over the outcome of this great world conflict and are eager to learn the effect it will have on Catholicism. On all sides one hears talk of Catholic Action as the only means of allaying the evils that are springing from this world trouble. But on looking into the issue, we find that, though there are many leaders and numerous societies that are doing noble work in the promotion of things Catholic, we likewise find a notable deficiency on the part of our College men in aiding and fostering such a movement as Catholic Action.

Proof for the above statement is patent after examining the work done for the cause of Catholic Action by College men in comparison to that of women. For instance, at the National Press Congress held a few weeks ago in Milwaukee, where leaders and delegates from schools all over the country were gathered to discuss "The Press in the Service of Faith and Reason," approximately fifty, almost one hundred out of a probable fifteen-hundred were College men. In a similar census of male collegiate representation we find that in the Catholic College Art Exhibit, one or two contributors were men. Here as well as in the former assemblies, women scored another triumph. Looking further and as a final example, though this does not exhaust the list of evidence for assuming that Action by our College men is practically nothing, we find that a great number of Catholic Colleges have introduced Catholic Poetry Societies. Out of the many schools that have introduced this study, two at the most are men's colleges.

The reader might well ask — Why do our men do nothing to correct this? In answer, our men might say that such participation in writing, art, and above all poetry, is too effeminate. Is it? Should we be laboring under such distorted belief, it is time we awaken from our narrowness. Some of our greatest Catholic journalists are men, who are in every essence of the term, virile. In the field of Catholic art and poetry we have fine specimens of great bodies, that together with their physical possession have an equally, if not greater asset of a thing more priceless — a keen mind. Too many are harboring the belief that to be a true representative of College manhood, one has to be arrayed in head-gear, shoulder-pads and carrying a pig-skin. College men that are working and striving unendingly to put forth products of a keen, analytical mind in a fight for principal, by far outshadow the before-mentioned conception

of manhood. In the field of journalism, poetry, art, science and scores of others, we need leaders who in the very essence of the masculine term are men. Another objection might be raised. We have not the time for such activity. In refutation of this we contend that every College man has the time, to a greater or lesser degree, of course, to engage in some form of Catholic Action. At Confirmation, each of us receives the Sacrament that knights us as defenders of the Faith and makes us Soldiers of Christ. Yet, still, we can not find time to live up to the promise we made; but we can find ample opportunity for other whims and fanciful pleasures and pastimes. Be our time ever so small, we can all give a little to such a cause. There is still another objection in the fact that some do not feel qualified, do not possess the gifts to write, speak, paint and the like, and are not able to do things, though they would like so much to help in such a noble cause — a weak, very weak comeback. God gave us each gifts to use by which we could help in fostering His cause.

In the above paragraphs we have pointed out the position of men in the field of Catholic Action. We also have voiced a few of the objections raised. We need Catholic Action, real Action which can be helped so much by our men. We boast so much of our strength, chivalrous achievements, attainments and in general mental and physical superiority to the feminine creatures. Yet we must admit, even though it gnaws at our pride that in the field of Catholic Action, the College woman has taken the stage while our meagre handful of Actionists grope in the dark. Why can't we see some of our lofty boasts transformed into something tangible, something truly representative of College men. In all fairness to women, we must admit that our words, our writings, all our efforts for the cause of the Catholic Revival will, in most cases be accepted more readily, will hold a better stand against our opponents when coming from the male subject. Are we going to sit idly by, leaving the coeds to outshine us here, while we possess the talents, the prestige and all the necessary qualifications for fostering, creating and aiding the Cause? Shall we let it remain as Catholic Paralysis of the College men or shall it be patently Catholic College men in Action!

Catholic Integration

William Foley

Most people talk a great deal about Catholic Action and most people manage to do very little about it. Such an attitude is quite in harmony with the complacent, lethargic manner adopted by so many of the laity. The majority of Catholics should know by this time that the Church is being attacked constantly. In spite of this they sit back casually and, naturally do nothing, shifting all responsibility to that abstraction

known as the "other fellow," trusting implicitly in him to take care of things. This gross neglect is due either to ignorance, by which the Catholic fails to realize how he is personally implicated in the plan of Catholic Action, or to deliberate indolence, which means that he lacks the moral stamina necessary to carry out his convictions. In either case he is culpable and instead of attempting to justify his present attitude with excuses, he should immediately begin to remove his life from its old rut and strive to lead a life which is wholly Catholic. It must be a full Catholic life, no compromise is permissible; there are too many whose Sunday Mass is the sole item of Catholicity in an otherwise worldly lived week. The full Catholic life is therefore the ideal. Becoming conscious of his Catholicism the Catholic will become imbued with an intelligent and reverent understanding of his Faith. Catholic Action with the many new projects it embodies will appeal to his spirit of adventure, perhaps surprising vistas may be opened to him. A more militant Catholicism will result when the layman realizes that it is up to him to defend and spread the doctrines of Christianity. Concerning the defense of the Faith it should be remarked that if the godless work unceasingly to spread their false principles, how much more tirelessly should the Catholic labor, who has the advantage of being on the side of the truth!

Enough warnings have been issued to Catholics to rouse themselves — there is no need to repeat such cautions here. If they are too lazy, too cynical, or worse completely indifferent, then warnings would not be potent enough to pry them out of their shells. But they are refusing to use the talents God gave them. And what answer will they give?

Book Reviews

St. Catherine of Siena by Johannes Joergensen, New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1938, 44 pp.

Another story of a saint? No, not just a story; rather a retrogression to the fourteenth century to discover the realism of a religious romance. Johannes Joergensen in his *St. Catherine of Siena* leaves the reader with no wild fancies of what must be the life of a saint of the Church. Presenting facts handily and with a literary deftness he converts the reader to *St. Catherine* as thoroughly as he himself was converted to the Church.

Joergensen's style is that of a poet. His descriptive passages, replete with impressions and moods, are as vivid as technicolor. The historical part of the narrative is somewhat lengthy, but monotony, which creeps into most chronological presentations is entirely subdued by a well ordered sequence and lightness of quality which is always distinguishable in good literature.

It is with this facile style that Joergensen overcomes the initial prejudice which is extremely popular against our saint. She is the only woman who has ever dared to take so great a part in ecclesiastical affairs, and since the politics of the Church were so closely interwoven with those of state Catherine had a double problem to deal with. We find her combining the lives of Mary and Martha; the contemplative with the militant. We find her in her cell, a victim of Divine Love, with the entailing forms of self sacrifice. We listen to the poetic expression of religious sentiment from a Medieval Mystic, and finally to the soldier of Christ who enters the lists against Gregory at Avignon; the corruption of the clergy, the vices of the court of Johanna of Naples, and the inconstancy of all human creatures.

She was a guiding star. A magnetic pole around which other unlike bodies gravitated in an ever increasing circle. The author gives us Stephano Maconi, who, admiring Catherine's rare spiritual qualities, is torn between the love for his relatives and devotion to her cause. We see her confessor, Raymond of Capua, frankly professing his belief in Catherine and yet fretting with impatience at her ecstasies. Likewise all were drawn to her. Gregory forced himself to leave Avignon only if she should remain near him.

It is with this same attraction that Joergensen offers his view of *St. Catherine of Siena*. Written in the town for which she is named, its atmosphere is a tribute to the author and speaks with silent eloquence to the reader.

Charles Gray

The Test of Heritage by L. J. Gallagher, S. J., New York: Benziger Bros., 1938, 372 pp.

Russia's history is replete with the cataclysmic action of class and civil war. In this dramatic narration, *The Test of Heritage*, L. J. Gallagher reveals to us all the terrors of those hideous revolutionary scourges, through the activities of the two seminarians, Boris and Ivan, whose lives are closely enmeshed in the solution of these disturbances.

The miseries Russia suffered during the World War were infinitesimal to those of the aftermath; that is, the ravagings of class against class and nearly all against the church. The author paints rending pictures of the dismal winters when tousled heads as well as hoary ones bent weakly to the slow depression of war's greatest scourge — famine! Famine not only of the body, but also of the soul. The book consistently bears home to us that the church was as natural to the Russian as was food, and when he turned his back on one and could not find the other, it could result in only one thing — famine! *The Test of Heritage* depicts war life with unmitigated frankness.

Gallagher has an enticing character study technique. He does not baldly state that this character is of a certain disposition. His idea is to let the reader form his own opinion as to that, but he so manipulates the actions of his characters that you must form the judgment that he wishes to convey. His studies are full-hearted, real and so clearly cut that one reading the book feels that he would recognize those players if he were to meet them.

Too often when it is stated that a man is a staunch, right doing person, all romance and interest in him are obliterated. The author dares to show us such a person in Boris Lydov, but defies us to say that Boris' life was not romantic and interesting. His every action was centered toward one idea and that the priesthood; he thought of war only as a dark interlude before resuming his studies. As he is presented to us, we will have to admit that his part in Russia's drama was anything but colorless.

Our author's subtle etching of the action of Ivan's vacillating mind would be an interesting study for any psychoanalyst. He deftly shifts him from seminarist to Bolshevik and there the conflicts abound.

To Ivan, war meant a chance for social betterment and at the same time it held the opposing idea of class extinction. His communistic thoughts were belied by his actions because he is shown to be continually striving for power and high offices. In aspiring to the love of Nada Lydova, the aristocrat, he wished to place himself on the same social level with her.

Nada, Boris' cousin has none of Ivan's wavering qualities. She knew what she was and what she wanted to do and never diverged from

her set path. Although impressed by Ivan's arguments, she would not be compromised by his advances.

Throughout the book Mr. Gallagher keeps the perverted brilliance of Krassin's vitiated personality at constant variance with Lydov's undisheveled stability and devotion to his Church. With a remarkable ability for handling situations the author brings it about that the class controversies which were raging through entire Russia are delineated in the deportment of the characters who are the miniatures of the conflicting elements.

As interesting reading and as an insight into the travails of Russia, let me present to you *The Test of Heritage*.

Donfred H. Stockert

"Scoop" by Evelyn Waugh, Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1937, 321 pp.

The world of book lovers may well be thankful that Evelyn Waugh, author of *Scoop*, followed in the footsteps of his literary-minded father, and did not take up painting, teaching school, or carpentry, for which Mr. Waugh successively thought himself better fitted. Although still a young man, Mr. Waugh has earned for himself an enviable reputation in his chosen field, although one cannot say that he limits himself to any particular field of literary endeavor, for he has written successful novels and biographies, as well as travel sketches. *Scoop*, like most of his other novels, is a satire, very humorous, but with a subtle, metallic kind of humor, which belongs entirely to this present generation.

Scoop, although very entertaining, and holding one's attention, to my mind is not one book, as it is divided into two sections. I can see no way in which the first part, "The Stitch Service", can be connected with the other two parts, "Stone . . . Lb. 20", and "Banquet". (The author himself divided the book into two main parts.) Although a slight connection is found in that the two main characters have the same name, and one is mistaken for the other, I think that this is not sufficient to bind the two last parts to the first part.

The first division, "The Stitch Service," deals with the successful author, John Courtney Boot, and the antics of Mrs. Stitch, to whom all in her circle, including Boot, come for advice in their dilemmas. The *Beast*, a London newspaper, hearing of a war in Ishmaelia, decides to send a reporter to cover it, and selects Boot. But an obscure, inexperienced country correspondent, William Boot, is mistaken for John Boot, and gets the assignment. His subsequent adventures in Ishmaelia provide interesting and entertaining reading.

With regard to the style of the novel, one cannot miss the extreme satire pervading its entirety. Mr. Waugh satirically treats of the vocation of war-correspondent, and how sometimes fantastic stories they dispatch

are fabricated. He satirizes the recent war in Ethiopia, by making it the background of the novel. The system of rule by kings, by successive generations, he treats in a satirical manner, as witness the Jackson family and their fallacies.

The characters represent a study in themselves. The chief character of the second part, William Boot, is consistent in his actions, being an obscure, country-loving fellow throughout the course of the book. In my opinion, however, John Courtney Boot has no consistency in his actions; for it seems illogical, at least to me, that a man who had, figuratively, all England under his literary thumb, should want to leave at all, and retire to an off-the-beaten-track place, to forget a girl.

Quite a few passages in *Scoop* are absolutely uproarious. For instance, witness William Boot's first visit to the *Beast*, his purchase of a war-correspondent's outfit, and the manner in which Kaetchen winds William around her finger. The antics of Mrs. Stitch give an interesting picture of the comic eccentricities of a headline-seeking woman.

Scoop is indeed an interesting and entertaining novel, and, once begun, one finds it difficult to tear oneself from it. It is to be hoped that when Mr. Waugh visits this country to study the composite life of New York City, he will record his observations, and publish a book of them. I feel certain that it will be gratefully received, both in this country, and in his native England.

Doug. W. Beach

Images in a Mirror by Sigrid Undset, translated by Arthur G. Chater, New York: Alfred Knopf, 1938, 229 pp.

Sigrid Undset gives to the literary world another tale — almost a novelette — of that worn plot namely the plight of a middleaged woman married to a man who fails to appreciate her artistic soul amid the burdens of a growing family. It is called *Images in a Mirror* or "shadows of the things that might have been —."

But it is far more than that. It is an impeccable portrait of a woman beset with all the frailties of woman against the enhancing background of staid middle-class society. Contributory to the rich setting is the finely drawn Norwegian country which hints at the restrained sentiment though deep emotion of tale of these Nordic folk.

Fru Hjelde, the former actress, now spent with childbearing and domesticity emerges from her environment a woman supremely unaware of her happiness or rather the possibility that unmodified happiness is to be found anywhere. Incidents so happen that Fru Hjelde is sent to the mountains to recuperate from her last confinement. There she meets Vegard a childhood friend. He, a lonely divorced man, is the one to see the remnant of the artist still enrooted in her soul. He urges her to allow him to appreciate that sensitive part of her soul which all

others have long lost sight of. And she is gradually drawn into an entirely platonic affair that almost unbalances her and upsets her home. Vegard teases her of the "can and musts and oughts" that keep her from enjoying life to her unique capacity — however these duties finally win and help Fru Hjelde know that greatest happiness is in her husband and family.

Out of so commonplace a plot only an author of Miss Undset's caliber could fashion an absorbing story, for there are few characters drawn with the poignancy of Fru Hjelde. Far above this bare structure a moving, vital woman grows into one of the most distinctive characters of recent fiction.

Fru Hjelde who in youth knew the glitter of the stage becomes discontented with her work-a-day husband and children particularly because she is even now heavy with child. Everything she sees, everything she does stirs in her seething brain the thought of forgotten passion of early married life. Now only duty looms its head in endless domestic drudgery, routine and boredom. There is one to tell her that she is still desirable — still capable of loving.

Kristian is a faithful husband but he, less sensitive of passing youth than Fru Hjelde, sees in his daughters her beauty and charm and pours out to them real demonstrative love. However his wife keenly misses the tender carresses and protestations of love and in her struggle to find someone who does yet see in her something lovely and desirable she nearly loses the precious gift of an aging woman. That is, Fru Hjelde failed, as Kristian had not, in passing the torch of youth to their children, thereby accepting gracefully change in life and recognition of her other self in the "lovely April of her prime" mirrored in her children's lives.

Thus Miss Undset wields the uncanny power of creating the purposeful realistic Fru Hjelde. The character portrait together with the distinctive fresh style warrants the reading of *Images in a Mirror*.

John E. Koechley

Exchanges

John J. Morrison

This is the first issue of MEASURE for the 1938-1939 season and we do not have at hand current copies of the several college journals which we obtain through our exchanges, consequently we cannot be concerned with an evaluation of exchange material. That will have to be postponed until a sufficient number of magazines have reached us. We will rather devote this issue's column to a consideration of the value of cooperation among the exchange departments of all magazines of this nature, and the formulation of some few principles of this cooperation.

The first concern of the staff of any publication is undoubtedly the good of the publication. All the members will bend their every effort toward the production of a finer magazine. They will try to make each succeeding issue superior in every detail to the one preceding it.

One of the simpler means to the attaining of this end is the collection of a number of publications of the same nature, the comparison of them with one's own, the realization of the deficiencies in local work evidenced by the comparison, and the elimination of these deficiencies by incorporating those better features in the magazines collected and inspected into the one being published.

Still a better method consists in a combination of the above plan with the sending of one's own publication to others for evaluation. This evaluation of another's work is the function of the exchange department of the individual magazine. Through it a more objective criticism can be obtained. In most cases the exchange staff of a publication printed several miles away will be more ready to see the faults in a particular article or magazine than will be the author of the article or the publishers of the magazine. If they find any defects they will mention them in their next issue, enabling their authors to eliminate them in the future. This is cooperation, a collective activity whose end is mutual profit or benefit.

A logical assumption would be that the greater the degree of cooperation the greater the benefit to the individuals cooperating. A direct proportion is established between the amount of cooperation expended and the benefit gained by the individual. We can apply this principle to exchange work and see that the more several magazines work together for improvement the greater success will each attain.

We have shown the value of cooperation and the amount of good accomplished by it to be dependent upon the degree of cooperation of the various parties. Since it is the desire of all exchange departments to

accomplish the greatest possible good, to gain as many benefits for our magazine as we can, we should try to develop cooperation to its highest point. This will be impossible unless we adopt certain principles by which all exchange staffs will be governed to a considerable extent. It is not our intention to set up a body of strict rules, the adherence to which will result in perfection, and from which no deviation can be permitted. Rather do we intend to lay a very few principles the adoption of which should increase in some degree the benefit derived from exchange work.

First and foremost comes our condemnation of "glittering generalities." Useless, undeserved compliments praising a particular article or a whole magazine will do nothing to help its producers. If they are guilty of some fault they will not learn of it and so will be unable to correct it. Any exchange department which follows this policy of placidly praising every work with which it comes into contact, regardless of whether or not the work is worthy of praise, cannot justify its existence for it is making no effort to fulfill the purpose for which it has been created.

In condemning these "glittering generalities" we are not opposed to the honest praise of an article or magazine that it really deserves, provided the exchange editor goes on to show why it is worthy of merit. If he makes a point (that the particular work is better than average) let him go on to prove it.

In showing deficiencies we must be governed by the same rule. Further than this all our criticism should be constructive rather than destructive. To be sure the recognition and pointing out of an imperfection will be of help to its creator, but how much more good we can accomplish if we can show him a way to eliminate it. It will make for that truer form of cooperation for which we are searching.

We cannot permit in a magazine of high caliber any note of brutal frankness. Let us rather try to make our criticisms as kind as possible, not, however, allowing charity and mercy to override justice and truth. We will be doing the most good if we can find the golden mean, for while a harsh, unkind candidness may discourage a writer entirely, and a light, lukewarm, half-hearted criticism may not be sufficient to correct certain failings this happy medium which we are seeking will serve as both corrective and encouragement.

The subjects with which the exchange department concerns itself is important. So very many exchanges criticise every magazine as a whole, in one sweeping statement. This should rather be done constructively. Individual articles should be considered, the art work and the editorial policy of a publication might be very open to criticism. No detail which can be improved should be left untouched.

In our criticism of articles there are two things which we must take into consideration, the component parts of every thing that is, matter

and form. Both are very important and while an article might cover a subject splendidly from the point of view of matter it might be utterly lacking in good literary form, and vice versa. Let us consider both of these elements.

A more personal cooperation can be gained through correspondence between exchange departments of different publications. Often this will be a means of improving the work of both the correspondents. If we feel that we can accomplish some good by writing a letter to one of our exchanges with regard to a particular point we should not hesitate to do so.

There is no doubt that the adoption of these suggestions will result in a great deal more work for the several exchanges. We cannot shirk this work for it is a true responsibility. If necessary the exchange staff can be enlarged and the efficiency increased. What matter if we must do a little more work if by doing so we can elevate the standard of collegiate journalism.

Critical Notes

The Rev. Paul F. Speckbaugh, C.P.P.S.

In the interests of cooperation among Catholic colleges, a subject discussed at the recent Convention of the Catholic Educational Press Association, an evaluation of this department seems pertinent. The justification of thoughts and ideas contained herein appears a necessity.

The first and utterly obvious fact, that these lines are not written by students, needs no bulwark of excuse. MEASURE is still essentially the work of students attending St. Joseph's College. The ethics of student-publications is not in the least perturbed by the fact that one section bears the name of the Faculty-Adviser. Deception is foreign to my mind.

On the other hand, the positive values are considerable. In the lines that come from this desk I hope to offer two useful, if slightly undesired, items: criticism and cooperation. Both are, I hope, set forth modestly. The criticism, in the first place, should aim to observe and judge somewhat maturely the work being produced in our College publications. Here, candor is not incompatible with charity; flattery is. And after that the cooperation needed might demonstrate itself in the suggestion of ideas or in any other practical fashion.

Indeed, it has always been the vain ambition of this department that the seed of thought striven for in these pages might at some time blossom into living progress in Catholic Action.

The labor of Catholic colleges toward the furtherance of Catholic Revival is estimable. Without slander, every one admits that it is not complete. Perhaps, then, the following suggestion merits some attention.

Tragically, to me, a body of Catholic literature is remaining hidden to our eyes. Could not our college journals aid in its discovery? For example, some writings of Francis Thompson are still unknown because they have never been taken from the pages of *Merry England* and *Academy*. Some English department might make them more common property. Again, a Catholic institution of this country has, according to all reports, the complete *authorized* translation of Paul Claudel's poetry. Our prayers cannot be too earnest for a quick publication. Further, a desire for information makes me ask whether all the work of Father O'Donnell has been given to the world. Perhaps the collection is complete; the question is quite innocent.

The qualification of the above statements will be, of course, well

understood by each reader: the unknown and hidden obstacles might always be justifying for the present status of affairs. These are suggestions.

Last year, this column set forth the plea for a cheap edition of great Catholic books. The fact that Sheed and Ward has begun this venture is not connected with my plea as effect is to cause. But, the position on the first issue demands some answer on the second.

I should wish, then, to recommend this splendid enterprise of the Sheed and Ward publishing company to the attention of all those interested in Catholic life. Their attempt to bring Catholic people of today some of their best books at a price which can be met by almost all merits the gratitude of clergy and laymen alike. Needless to say, best thanks would be some sort of violent subscription to the cause. If we help, they can continue.

Ideas in search of an author have an appeal to students of literature. Emmet Lavery speaks on this theme in a lecture; Father Gillis made suggestions for drama in a series of Radio talks.

The concept, of course, recognizes the richness of our Faith as a source for the creation of literature, but it does not presume to substitute Catholicity for the essential technical ability. All that can be done here is to point out to aspiring artists the fundamental or basic experience which will serve as the well-spring for greater Catholic art. The initial inspiration, as it flows from our Faith, is replete with themes rich in possibilities.

In the field of drama, for example, even a hasty glance at the Saints of the Church will reveal many dramatic situations which could be made into things of beauty. St. Augustine, it seems to me, lived a conflict the like of which has seldom been touched in drama. Here, the struggle of a great mind sets a theme that is filled with almost sublime play-material. St. Ignatius, too, offers matter for the stage. The fight of his older mind to stick to the path of learning at Paris is only one of the possible developments. And to me, St. Gregory Nazianzen, always fleeing from the episcopacy, suggests an opposition of wills which has an appealing note of quaintness. These are but three mentioned at random. The young man or woman who is truly interested in playmaking has a mine from which to dig untold treasures.

The like is true of the field of the short story. There is the gripping struggle of the free will of man against the slavery brought by the machine; there is the problem of evil which seems to be inexhaustible in plots; there is the intellectual pride of the modern, while his groping for the truth makes the stuff of stories. Home life, factory life, divorce, birth-control — countless subjects teem with ideas and await the hand which will give them the artistic form needed for literature.

Poetry, to complete our list, has been devoted too long to autumn leaves, stars, and catalogues of fanciful things. Might not much of the history of the Catholic Church in this country be put down in the art of poetry? The epic story of the early missionaries is yet untold. Somewhere a poet might sing the crooning song of an immigrant mother to her child. An ode to the Sisters of the hospitals might be pure poetry; a sonnet to a Cardinal might be a classic. The boundaries of the subject are quite unlimited.

In each and all of them, however, there must be the veracity to art. As Father Phelan said — piety cannot be a substitute for literature. Nevertheless the beauty of sanctity can glorify the beauty of art.

Somewhere in the pages of English journals, I have read of the stuffiness of the analytical method of criticizing literature. The thought is pertinent because it touches the manner in which our publications are to handle the problem of "outside" literature. Is the impressionistic method adequate for the refutation of our foes and the convincing of our students? Can we evaluate the works of Ernest Hemingway, of James T. Farrell, of Edna St. Vincent Millay, by the historical method alone? What is to be said in favor of analysis?

The question opens many avenues of discussion.

The above notes extend to you only a few thoughtful comments. As I reach them to you across the table there may be a glint or a sparkle in your eye. Whichever it may be, the sincerity of the offering remains. With cooperation and candor we can succeed, if we strive with great, with very great effort.